THE CHIPLEY BANNER.

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HER SISTER'S HONOR.

A Tale of English Life.

By Walter Besant.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

...en people have got no money ...must keep themselves. The Dean ... to see us this morning. You ... there was no one respected father ... than the Dean. He says that we ...st be brave and make the best of ..."

..."—but, my child, I cannot bear to ... of your having to work. These ... hands should do nothing but play ...retty things."

... for Naomi," said the owner of the ... hands, "she is so clever with her ... that she is quite sure to get a ...place somewhere. She says that ...uld not take a situation in the ... to be reminded all day long how ...ve come down. So she will go to ..., and I must go with her. Then I ...ll be near you, Harry; and perhaps——"

..."Perhaps what, dear?"

..."Perhaps, before long, you will be ...le to take me away for good, and then ...will work at nothing harder than to ...ase you, dear."

..."Dear Ruth, I ask for nothing better. ...here could be nothing better. But——"

..."You have not told your people about ... Why not tell them and have done. ...hey can but refuse to call upon me, I ...suppose."

..."You don't understand, dear child. ...They are ambitious. They want to get ...in society, you see, and they expect ...me to help them. Well, we are rich ...enough, I suppose, and we've got a big ...house in Palace Gardens, but my grand...father kept a shop. We are only in ...society as it is, although we have our ...carriage and our clerks instead of our ...master and our shopmen. See now, ...Ruth, my father will give me a partnership when I am five and twenty. That ...is six months; then I shall be independent. Let us get along, somehow, ...Harry. I cannot have my darling ordered about by some scoundrel shopkeeper, or working her fingers to the ...bone."

The girl shook her head.

..."Naomi would not hear of such a ...thing," she said, "unless it was properly understood and was acknowledged. No, ...Harry, I must be independent of you ...altogether."

..."I can afford to maintain you dear, ...why not?

..."No, not even if I have to go lower ...down the ladder, Harry. Can't you see ...that it is impossible? I can wait for ...you. And I don't suppose that I shall ...take you down with me, shall I?"

...She said this with a laugh, but like ...many light words they were prophetic. ...She was, although she knew it not, to ...bring him lower—lower; her hand was ...already upon his head pushing him down, ...down.

..."Let us go home," she said. "Alas, ...Ruth is going through the things. They ...belong to the creditors—even the ...books on the shelves—even the ...flowers in the garden—all except our own ...clothes; even the seat under the mul...berry tree. In a day or two we shall go ...out of the old home—we two together. ...What will become of us? What shall we ...do?"

..."You are not without friends," said ...the young man; "you have me."

...The wind freshened and the rain beat ...in their faces.

..."I am full of terrors," said the girl. ...It seems as if something dreadful ...would happen to me."

..."You have me to protect you, Ruth." ...The lover's words were brave, but ...somehow they lacked that subtle quality ...that assures confidence.

..."You, Harry, I have you, and you have ...your own people as well; and they are ...ready to welcome the daughter of ...a wealthy bookseller. Let me go home."

CHAPTER III.

THE CITY MERCHANT.

The chief—the sole partner—the head ...of the house—sat in his private office.

THE HEAD OF THE HOUSE.

...ly or smoking room of any count...house was more comfortably fur...than this private office. A pile ...ters unanswered lay upon the ...table beside the blotting pad; a ...basket contained the letters ...he had written or signed; there ...bundles of papers tied up and in...

On either side of the fireplace ...long, low chair; on a small table ...window stood the luncheon tray. ...He had taken his chop and pint of ...and was now sitting in one of ...low chairs, his feet stretched out ...him in complete physical ease. ...Rooms without he knew that his ...clerks, heads of departments, and ...were all diligently at work for ...him. It makes a man comfortable only ...that people are at work for him. ...Us, when we are not ourselves ...have got the feeling of unprofitableness. Not so Mr. John Stoke, ...Threadneedle street, city. He knew ...people were working for him to ...the tune called a pretty tune. As he rolled his cigar between his lips that tune melodiously rung in his ears. The same tune rings out every day for all the great city merchants. It was first set as a carillon by Dick Whittington in the tower of St. Michael's, Paternoster Royal, for the solace and delectation of all rich merchants for all time, and to turn away their thoughts from the parable of Dives. The words of the tune can only be heard by rich men, but I have been told that they are something as follows: "Merchant, take thine ease while the treasure grows, wise is he who reaps what another sows." I believe there is more to the same effect. Mr. John Stoke was now a man of 55 or so. The kind of face and the expression upon it are not uncommon in the city—they belong to a certain type of city men—and those who have it are generally successful. It is a masterful face. If any of Mr. John Stoke's servants fail in their duty they know better than to ask for mercy from such a face. Nelson himself did not reckon more confidently than Mr. John Stoke on every man doing his duty. He was not exactly popular with his servants, because he bought his labor as he bought his goods—at the cheapest rate—and because he exacted from labor, as from goods, the utmost profit. The law of political economy, which makes a man buy in the cheapest market, when applied to labor, does not, somehow, lead to a contented and happy service. It is a law, when applied, which only allows people to be happy when it is broken. A good many laws, moral, political and doctrinal, possess the same characteristic. Nobody likes being bought at the cheapest; we all want a fancy price to be put upon our work, especially if we have grown gray in the service. Now Mr. John Stoke allowed no allusions on this subject in his office, and had no respect for gray hairs or for length of service, or for anything in the world except his own interests.

He lay back in his chair and watched the wreaths of smoke, listening to that pleasant tune—the parable of Dives quite forgotten. Presently he began to think. Mr. John Stoke was one of those persons who are gifted with the power of thought. Out of politeness we pretend that everybody has this power. Not so; otherwise the majority of mankind would not be as sheep running whithersoever they are driven, and bleating at their leader's command. But let me continue to be polite. This man had a little coup in his mind, a trifle that would probably bring him in twenty thousand or so, and he was turning it over so as to get at the best points of handling it. The warmth and comfort of fireside, lunch, and cigar send some men into mental sleep. To this man they only gave the opportunity of uninterrupted thought.

Presently the door opened and a young man stood in the doorway—a tall and handsome young man—you have already seen him in the walk by the river side.

"Come in, Harry, come in," said the chief, pleasantly; "shut the door and come in."

"You said you should want to speak to me about half-past two."

"Yes, I did. Well, my boy, I thought that we might have a few words, perhaps two or three, just to understand each other. Sit down. Take a cigar? No? Well, you are five-and-twenty today, are you not?"

"It is my birthday." The young man looked anxious, yet expectant of some pleasing announcement. One can only be five-and-twenty once in life. Besides, things had been promised.

"Yes," his father continued, looking critically at the ash of his cigar. "Yes, yes, five-and-twenty. I was a partner before that age—before we sank the shop and became an office."

"There was the shop, though, to begin with," said the son.

"Undoubtedly; and a very good shop, too. We mustn't forget the shop. Not likely it will be forgotten. People talk about it when they go home from my dinner parties; when they have had a fortnight among my birds, with champagne up to the eyes every night, they snigger over the shop in the train going home; when they have been on a cruise in my yacht, with everything of the very best—oh, yes, the more you do for 'em the better they remember it; the more they sneer and snigger. Our friends, dear boy, will not readily forget the shop. It is their only consolation when they consider the prosperity of the firm. If it wasn't for feeling how green they get with envy I'd never have any old friends in the place at all."

"I don't see why we should want to forget it, father."

"No, there is no absolute necessity for forgetting anything. However, we are now, Harry, pretty high up the tree. I don't think there can be many men in the city likely to cut up better than your father. Very good, then." He looked at his son for a whole minute as if seeking for the best way to go on. "Very good, then," he repeated, "I've always promised and always intended to take you into partnership at five-and-twenty, and now, Harry, I have sent for you to say that I am willing to carry out that intention, and to give you a birthday present worth having."

"Oh," said Harry, with a great sigh.

"On conditions, of course. Hang it, do you suppose that I am going to admit any one, even my own sons, into my house—the house I have made—to share my income, except on my own terms?"

"Well, sir," said Harry, "I always supposed you would have your own way in everything, whether I am to be a partner or not."

"You are right, my boy. My own way I mean to have. Yet these are not my conditions. Now sit there, and don't answer a single word till I've done. You've had your fling, Harry; that you can't deny. You've lived in your own chambers, and you've had a good allowance, and nobody ever asked any nasty ones what you did with your money. Very well, then, now that's all over. A partner in my house has got to take his place—his own place, mind—in society." The young man turned pale. "I've been offered a baronetcy. Well, I won't have it; I mean to be made a peer. Do you hear that? I shall be Lord Thingamy, and you shall be the Honorable Harry. Very well, then"—he marked his sentences with short pulls at his cigar—"that's understood. Next thing, how is that peerage to be advanced and made take a respectable place? Money? not enough! Land? that isn't enough! Politics? I'm too old and you are too stupid. Your brother Joe—the Honorable Joe he will be, may take up politics in the family interest; not you. By marriage, my boy"—the young man again changed color, but this time he became crimson—"if you want to get any good out of your rank you must marry into the same blood as that into which your children will be born. By marriage, Harry. That's my condition. As to my having my own way, of course I shall have my own way. I should like to see anybody in this house wanting to have any way that wasn't mine. You will have to marry to please me. Do that, and you shall have whatever you like—you shall be a partner to begin with; you shall have no work to do; you shall have fashion, land, and rank."

Harry made no reply. His color had now gone back to pallor, and his hand trembled.

"Those are my condition," said his father. "Have you anything to say?"

His son opened his mouth but no sound came forth.

"Perhaps I can help you, Harry." His father threw his head back and watched the blue-white wreath curling over his

"MY OWN WAY I MEAN TO HAVE."

face. "I am sure I can help you. There is that little girl you have been fooling around for six months."

"What about her?"

"I know all about her. She's a girl in an Oxford street fancy shop; her sister is employed at a Regent street dressmaker's. They are respectable girls, which makes it the more dangerous."

"I've given my—my word to that girl," said Harry, but with an apprehensive glance at his masterful father.

"I don't care what you have given her. You've got to get rid of her."

"I must keep my word." The son got up and stood before his father with dogged face.

When two obstinate faces gaze upon each other, one or the other has got to give in; everybody knows that.

"I said, Harry, that you've got to get rid of her. As for your word, or any other mess you may have got into, you must get out of it the best way you can. I suppose money will do it."

"I must marry her; I will marry her!" But there was a weakening in his face as his father's look became more obstinate.

"Well, sir," said the older, "I am not going at my time to give in to anybody. My money's my own, I suppose, to do what I like with. Now, sir, here is my offer—a partnership, a great future, an estate, a peerage, the foundation of a family—that is what I offer you, on certain conditions. If you refuse you can go straight out of this office and never come back again. You shall have no money—not a brass cent. There's your choice; take it. I'll give you an hour to make up your mind—no, I won't! I'll give you half-an-hour—no, I won't give you even a quarter of an hour. Damn it all, sir, I'll give you five minutes—five minutes to choose. Now!"

He took out his watch, one of those great gold things which you can buy for a hundred and twenty pounds or thereabouts, and held it in his hand. Harry stood before him, the obstinacy gone clean out of his face, pale and trembling.

"Well, sir?" His father put back his watch.

"I accept the conditions," said the son.

CHAPTER IV.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON.

Sunday afternoon is the time when all the 'prentice youth of London, male and female, are walking out together. If it is summer they are in the park, that of Battersea, Finchley, Hampstead, Victoria, West Ham, or Southwark, proudly arm-in-arm. If it is the winter they are on their way "out to tea." This afternoon should have been numbered with those of the sweet spring season, because it was nearly the end of April, but a cold northeast wind and occasional driving showers forbade the thought of spring. On the north side of the Pall Mall a girl walked up and down the pavement.

She had called at a certain house, and, being turned away, continued as if waiting for some one, and resolved to see that person, to walk up and down before the house. She began about three in the afternoon; at four, at five, at six, she was still walking there. Nobody noticed her—not even the hall porters of the Carlton and the Reform Clubs opposite. The evening was so cold that people hurried along the street without looking at each other. Besides, Pall Mall is not a crowded Sunday thoroughfare. Therefore no one noticed the girl. She was a fair, light-haired girl; her features were regular and delicate; her eyes were blue, her figure rather thin, but tall and graceful. If anyone had stopped to look at her instead of hurrying along as if lashed with a whip by this abominable wind, he would have remarked first—generally, that here was an extremely pretty girl, and secondly, that here was a girl in trouble. Indeed, if anxiety were ever depicted upon any face, it was upon this girl's face; an anxiety which showed itself in a trembling of the lips, in quick, short sighs as she walked, in eager glances along the street as if she were asking when—when would he come?

It was at seven o'clock, just as the sun was setting and the lessening light like a messenger proclaimed the fact from its hidden lord, that he did come. He hurried into Pall Mall from St. James street, and walked rapidly along, looking down: a young man.

"I accept," he had replied shortly. Mark that this man, who seemed to the girl so noble and so brave, had become suddenly at the touch of his father's hand the merest cur and coward of a man; he had promised a thing which wanted, to carry it through, the falsest, the coldest, the cruelest of hearts. Fear of poverty and dread of his father's anger were the ruling forces which transformed a lover, manly, true and tender, into a cur. The thing makes one tremble. Under what influences, brother of mine, should we two put off the armor of the knight and reveal the craven tail of the mongrel cur?

Yet this man, who was going to do so mean and villainous a thing at his father's bidding, had so much of his father's courage in him that he was ready to tell the girl in so many words, face to face with her alone, what he meant.

"Come," he said, "I was going to write to you; but there would have been a row afterward. Better have it out in words."

"Harry—what is it? What has happened? Why do you look so strange?"

"Come up stairs," he led the way. His chambers were on the first floor. He raked up the low ashes of his fire and threw on some coal.

"Sit down," he said "you must be cold."

She waited for him to take her in his arms and kiss her, as was his wont. He offered no caress at all. She sat down, however, and warmed her hands and feet. She was very cold. Then she started up again.

"Something has happened, Harry. What is it? Tell me instantly."

It was growing dark now. The young man lit the lamp and pulled the curtains slowly, as if taking as much time as possible over the job.

"It is a fortnight since I have heard of you or seen you. What does it mean? And, Harry, I must tell you——"

"Don't tell me anything. Look here, Ruth, it's all over."

"All over? How can it be all over?"

"I say—it is all over."

"Do you mean that after all you will have to acknowledge me without your father's permission?"

"Not quite; I mean what I say, Ruth. It is all over."

"Harry!" She sprang to her feet, tired no longe, nor cold, but fired with a sudden strength. "Harry, what do you mean?"

"We had a very pleasant time in the August holidays, hadn't we, Ruth? I shall always look back to that time in the old town when we used to sit and make love in the garden under the mulberry tree. Yes—I shall never have such a time again. But that's all over. Pity that good times never last——"

"I don't understand you to-day, Harry. Why can't you look me in the face? What have you done?"

"When I came back to town I found out that it wouldn't do. I couldn't exactly explain to you why it wouldn't do. Besides, to tell the truth, I hoped it wouldn't do. I might have been made a partner without conditions or—or anything may happen. The truth is, of course, as I suppose you guess," he raised his eyes and faced her boldly, "that they want me to marry a lady."

She received this brutality without flinching.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Story of a Deaf Mute.

"I have heard and read many pathetic stories," said Senator Hoar the other day, "but none of them ever awoke so much sad sympathy as one which Professor Gallaudet related. The professor has a favorite pupil—a little deaf-mute boy, exceptionally bright. Mr. Gallaudet asked him if he knew the story of George Washington and the cherry tree. With his nimble fingers the little one said he did, and then he proceeded to repeat it. The noiseless gesticulations continued until the boy had informed the professor of the elder Washington's discovery of the mutilated tree and of the quest for the mutilator. 'When George's father asked him who hacked his favorite cherry tree,' signalled the voiceless child, 'George put his hatchet in his left hand'——'Stop,' interrupted the professor. 'Where do you get your authority for saying he took the hatchet in his left hand?' 'Why,' responded the boy, 'he needed his right hand to tell his father that he cut the tree.'"

Thanks to the encouragement which Emperor William has accorded to the practice of duelling, it is now being adopted by the medical profession in Germany. A couple of physicians summoned in consultation became involved at the bedside of the patient in so vehement a dispute with regard to the character of the malady and of its treatment that they concluded to fight the matter out. The conflict took place on the outskirts of Bonn, on the Rhine, one of the combatants, Dr. Fischer, receiving a bullet in the chest, which killed him instantly. This may be said to constitute an altogether new departure in what is known to laymen as "medical etiquette."

LIVES LOST IN CHICAGO FIRE

WHILE THE FLAMES WERE RAGING A HUGE BOILER EXPLODED.

OVER FIFTY FIREMEN BADLY HURT

Other Fires Were Started By Burning Timbers Which Were Scattered Promiscuously.

Four, and probably more, lives were lost in an explosion which took place at Chicago Thursday evening during a fire in the Northwestern grain elevator, at Cook and West Water streets. Three of the dead are firemen, and the body of another fireman is thought to be buried in the ruins of the elevator.

The bursting of a boiler caused the havoc.

Those killed by the fire are: Jacob J. Schnur, Jon J. Coogan, Jacob S. Stramer.

The injured are: Charles H. Conway, fireman, burned about the face and hands and body crushed; will die.

Chief Dennis Swenie, right foot crushed, left ear wrenched and painfully burned.

Fire Marshal Campion, burned about face.

Lieutenant Smith, both legs crushed.

Lieutenant Bartlett, leg crushed.

Assistant Engineer Benj. Blanchard, badly bruised.

John F. Smith, injured by debris.

William McGuire, fifteen years old, both feet crushed.

Thomas Engle, pipeman, cut about head and internally injured.

Ignatus Bond, cut by falling glass.

Captain Evans, struck by debris and rendered unconscious, serious.

William Hanley, pipeman, cut in head.

William Thompson, hit by falling glass.

Joseph Lacey, burned about face, serious.

Frank C. Haley, burned beyond recognition; may lose sight of both eyes.

Captain Key, burned about the face and body.

Lieutenant John J. Miller, fracture of leg; badly burned; condition critical.

Captain William Rooney, burned about face; may lose sight of both eyes.

John Evans, fracture of right arm; badly burned about the face.

Harry Kugleman, concussions on side and badly burned about face and body; condition serious.

William Schubert, bruised and burned.

John Hassey, left arm crushed at the shoulder.

Besides these, dozens of firemen and passers-by were more or less bruised by glass and flying debris.

Just as the fireman were getting into position for advantageous work and nearly all the members of the engine companies were mounting ladders and bringing leads of hose to play on the interior from the upper windows, there came a roar that could be heard for half a mile.

The roof was raised high in the air and the walls came down with a crash. The force of the explosion was so great that the eastern wall was hurled into the river, the west wall was tumbled down upon the heads of the unfortunate men below and the roof was torn into fragments and distributed for blocks around.

Every window in the vicinity of the elevator was shattered by the concussion, dozens of persons were struck by flying debris and several small fires resulted from falling timbers that were still in flames.

At Jefferson street and Carroll avenue, many blocks distant, a great burning mass of wreckage fell upon four wagons loaded with hay and set them on fire. The elevator was of composite construction, the lower portion being of brick and the upper part of frame, covered with corrugated iron.

Dozens of men lay injured in the withering heat, some not seriously harmed and others in the throes of death. It was dangerous work to get them out, but it was gallantly and quickly done, and all of the slightly injured were removed. The dead were for the time left where they lay. No man could reach their bodies and live.

EVICTING STRIKERS.

New Men Have Been Secured to Operate the Oak Hill Mines.

A Pittsburg dispatch says: Eviction of strikers from company houses was begun Thursday by the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal Company. This move of the company is creating considerable apprehension.

The promised surprise materialized late Thursday night, when it was learned that new men had been secured to operate the Oak Hill mine. Superintendent DeArmitt would not say where the men came from nor how he proposed to get them into the pit without a conflict, but says the company will work the mine at all hazards.

TURKS YET DEFIANT.

Fresh Trouble Anticipated In Settling Peace Preliminaries.

According to a dispatch received at Paris Tuesday from Constantinople a division of the Turkish fleet has been ordered to sail for Canea, Island of Crete.

If the statement contained in the Constantinople dispatch alluded to is correct, fresh trouble may be anticipated in the settlement of the Greeco-Turkish peace preliminaries.

It has been reported for some time that the Turkish government was contemplating landing additional Turkish troops in Crete and on Thursday last the admirals in command of the foreign fleets in Cretan waters held a conference and decided to oppose by force the landing of any Turkish reinforcements in Crete.

They notified Ismael Bey, the Turkish civil governor, of the decision arrived at. But the Turkish governor replied that he could not accept such a decision, apparently taking the ground that the porte would persist in its intention to reinforce the Turkish garrison in Crete.

MINERS ARE GAINING.

Ranks of the Strikers Swelling at a Rapid Rate.

A special of Tuesday from Pittsburg, Pa., says: The strikers still continue to gain accessories to their number from New York and Cleveland company's men.

Sandy Creek and Turtle Creek mines are completely idle and the Plum Creek mines are slowly but surely coming into line with the men encamped in the vicinity.

Tuesday nearly half of the diggers at this stronghold of the company failed to go to work and a number of those who did go into the pit have promised to quit as soon as they clean up the coal now lying in their rooms.

At Camp Determination it was reported that every one of the miners of the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company who had gone to work was in sympathy with the movement, and only their signature to a contract prevented them from staying out. The miners are satisfied with the progress they have made. They claimed that the offending miners were nearer to suspension than they had been since the strike was inaugurated. The men are jubilant over the work they have done.

TROUBLE IN PORTUGAL.

A Report That the Government Is Defying the Constitution.

A dispatch to The London Daily Mail from Madrid describes a very grave state of affairs in Portugal.

According to this correspondent, the Portugese government is setting the constitution at defiance and adopting the most stringent, repressive measures.

The police, without legal warrants, enter private dwellings at all hours of the day and night, ransack them, seize property and march the owners off to prison on the most trifling or utterly unfounded charges. A veritable reign of terror is established and it is the popular belief that the government contemplates passing its obnoxious financial legislation by means of a coup d'etat.

A dispatch to The Daily Mail from Rome says that King Humbert is in daily correspondence with his sister, the queen dowager of Portugal, on the subject of the present disturbances, and he has instructed the Italian minister to Lisbon, Count Gerbairde de Sonasses, to render all the assistance in his power to the royal family in case an emergency should arise.

The Italian government has placed two men-of-war under special orders to proceed to Lisbon.

SOLICITOR ON TRIAL.

Prosecuting Attorney Thurmond Arraigned for Murder in South Carolina.

The trial of Solicitor J. W. Thurmond for killing Will Harris on March 24th last was begun in Edgefield, S. C., Tuesday. The jury was selected without trouble.

The defense put in the plea of self-defense. Attorney General Barber is conducting the prosecution in person, assisted by General M. C. Butler.

Only once before in decades has the attorney general conducted a murder trial—that of the Edgefield lynchers in 1886.

Ex-Governor Sheppard, N.G. Evans, J. H. Tillman and George W. Croft are among the lawyers for defense.

BIMETALLIC COMMISSION.

Final Meeting Will Be Held In London the Latter Part of Next Week.

The London Daily Chronicle announces that the final meeting between the members of the bimetallic commission headed by Senator Wolcott and Lord Salisbury will take place during the latter part of next week at the foreign office.

Most of the members of the cabinet will be present, and it is thought Lord Salisbury will then inform the commission of the government's decision on the question of a more extended use of silver. The commissioners are hopeful of a favorable decision and of important concessions.